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Headquarters Company
124 Arsenal Blvd. Main Bldg.
Apt. 42 1/2 Postmaster
New York, N.Y.



Miss Ida T. Hiel
Route 2
Chesaning Michigan
U.S.A.

Air mail

Sunday July 29th, 1931
Mannheim, Germany

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Hi Ma

Well here I am again. Trying to write a letter. Deane is sitting and reading a book. This is the first Sunday we've had off in a long time. It just feels good to lay around instead of going to sleep. I've been writing letters all day. There just isn't too much to write about down here. It's the same old routine day in and day out. I received a letter from my Dad and he said that the box of clothing just came in. Gee why I think that it is about time too. He didn't say if he sent Deane's clothes home or not. So I thought that I would let you know. I suppose it's nice and warm back home now huh? Boy but I sure wish I was home. Do you know what I used to like to do. Just lay out on the grass, and do nothing but lay there. I guess that seems childish as all hang. But it made a guy feel at ease with himself. It won't be too long and Bud and I will be home again. I'll have to kiss all the girls in Saginaw, so as to make up for last time. My Birthday is August 3rd I'll be 23 years old, Gee why how the time does fly. I never will change though. I feel the same as I did when I was 16 years old. Just like a kid. The only trouble is, two years shot out of my life. How old will you be when I get out, or how old are you now? I sure wish I could go fishing

or even go hunting. This Army life is the most monotonous sort of life there is. The trouble is there just isn't anything to do but work. That gets on a guys nerves. I was working night and day for quite a while I was so doggone tired I would come in and go right to sleep. We are still living in tents. I hope we don't have to stay in these things through the winter. I heard it gets pretty doggone cold out here. This life they can keep. Oh yes tell your Mother that that chicken she packed for us when we left was really delicious. My Compliments to her fine cooking. (No kidding Mrs. Thiel it was good!) Maybe I'll be able to get in on a chicken dinner Aren't I the mother though. Give my Love to the whole family. Tell your Dad and Mom not to worry Bud is alright and will get home safe. God Bless You All

P.S.

Bud will write soon.

all my Love
Bob

TRANSCRIPT

Return Address	Recipient Address
[Torn] U.S. 55072535 Headquarters Company 124 Arm'd Ord. Maint. Bn. A.P.O. 42 C/O Postmaster New York, N. Y.	Miss Ila Thiel Route 2 Chesaning Michigan USA

U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE
JUL 30 1951

Air mail

Sunday July 29th, 1951
*Mannhiem*¹, Germany

Hi Ila,

Well here I am again. Trying to write a letter. Duane is sitting and reading a book. This is the first Sunday we've had off in a long time. It just feels good to lay around Instead of going to sleep. I've been *writting* letters all day. There just isn't too much to write about down here. It's the same old routine day in and day out. I *recieved* a letter from my Dad and he said that the box of clothing just came in. Gee whiz I think that it is about time too. He didn't say if he sent Duane's clothes home or not. So I thought that I would let you know. I suppose it's nice and warm back home now huh? Boy but I sure wish I was home. Do you know what I used to like to do. Just lay out on the grass, and do nothing but lay there. I guess that seems childish as all hang. But it made a guy feel at ease with himself. It won't be too long and Bud and I will be home again. I'll love to kiss all the girls in Saginaw, so as to make up for lost time. My Birthday is August 3rd I'll be 23 years old. Gee whiz how the time does fly. I never will change though. I feel the same as I did when I was 16 years old. Just like a kid the only trouble is two years shot out of my life. How old will you be when I get out or how old are you now? I sure wish I could go fishing or even go hunting. This Army life is the most monotonous sort of life

¹ Correct spelling: Mannheim.

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All my Love,
Bob

P.S.
Bud will write soon.